

NECESSARY IN MOST IONS NOWADAYS.

employment Must Have qualifications—Women's su't What It Was In their's Days.

of life one is almost with seekers after emularily is the fact notice among women in this any of the gentler sex a their own living. On statements in print, as all attention to the fact t enough capable, ree requiring capability of inds, and that there is.

In other words, the points to the fact that to say specialism, in t of work is one of the qualifications of success in as.

women hearing middle find themselves sudden on their own resources ining which commands ining in this scientific peons of their early life did not tend to afford particular line. Two perhaps, there were ten and women who ad wore fabrics and lockings, all of which omplements quite as ne as a knowledge of double entry book- nition of a decree of r which one may earn ter.

changes reasons are d facts exist. In the 3 spinning and other s have gone into facu- dly, a considera- refully in looking at lions today is this: tury ago worked hard t this world's goods lated in America, and r children should be e in the druggery of e in ease and luxury

above, the following. re number of The t:

is that training is the od places of life; no- it, because the state- ften. Yet, neverthe- ly each of us must t for herself. Re- tremely open mind us before me. I set a particular set of ficiency in obtaining women who during a s had called at the t employment of t for whom she is s secure an engage- obliged to declin which these appli- ough to each ession or piece of ken, might lead to and an engagement. he three months al- these unregistrable

says the author, t about the human the hope of finding it, led me to inquire s into the causes d these particular from attaining the e, or, at least, of. I brought to this said, an open rmitted myself any s that I might hckneyed reason g for the compar- about to analyze, ds of these 238, I cases there had reason why an in- dged ineligible for

third of the total der consideration t quite clearly the ogment. That the untrained woma s extremely indefe- res, being at demand for vague the untrained did wanted to do or stated that they etaries, housekeep- ers, nursery gov- achers, dispensers charitable, artistic short, all these, he would be cham- rk for which spe- cations are neces- sary for the occu- pations to follow. much doubt that g is a very grave umber of women employment, since in the records of vety could cer- rassed by many labor bureaus—

telam. ring been ordered he the horse and on, was observed e saddle on bend ing him, he re- le on wrong end the greenhorn, which way O'ix

THE HOLLOW SQUARE.

Ladies of Canada: The hollow square, a purely British military tactic, was never broken but once. Why? Because Tommy Atkins from Canada and Tommy Atkins from all other British possessions stand solidly together. The lesson is, that in a commercial war also, the colonies should stand solidly together; and the ladies of Canada—the purchasing power—can do much toward accomplishing that end. Cayton and India produce the finest teas. By using the teas grown in sister colonies, ladies act particularly. These teas appeal to you from sentiment, from purity, from economy—in every way they are superior to Japan or Chinas. Drinkers of Green Tea should try Monsoon, Salada or Blue Ribbon packets.

A little cream rubbed into black kid gloves will prevent the dye from coming off. It also gives them a nice gloss. Daughter—That's just what I'm doing, ma. I learned to-day that cheating gum is a splendid thing for mending old tinware.

A Raging, Roaring Flood Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "I gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally, the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, and all throat and lung troubles by J. E. Richards. Price 50c.

Eastern Farmer, contemptuously—Catch me going West, where you have neither coal nor wood. Mighty inconvenient burning corn for fuel, isn't it? Western Farmer—Well, yes, it is rather. The ears are so big we can't get 'em in the stove.

Drugging Will not Cure Catarrh. Doctors say so. Victims of sniffs, ointments and tablets tell the same story. Catarrh is a germ disease. The germs excite disease in the lungs, throat, and nasal passages and bronchial tubes. Germs are hard to get at, but destroy them and cure the disease. How can it be done? By carrying the powerful medication with the air you breathe direct to the diseased parts. You must be sure, also, that the medication will kill the disease germs. Catarrh is guaranteed to do this, that's why it has created such a sensation in the medical world. You simply breathe Catarrh; it destroys the germs—it heals—in a word, it cures. Now you know everything about Catarrh; cure when you can learn by using it. Catarrh never disappoints, and is guaranteed to cure Catarrh. Price \$1.00, small size 25 cents, at druggists, or Potosi & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Sold by J. E. Richards. Small boy, rushing in—O, mamma! I know where I can buy a double ripper sled awful cheap. Won't you give me some money? Mamma, doubtfully—How cheap? Well I don't know, I haven't asked, but I guess I can get it for most nothing, cause Mrs. Nobbs hasn't any use for it any more. Mrs. Nobbs? Yes, Johnny Nobbs had it, you know. But where is Johnny? Why, in ridin' downhill on it just now, he struck a post an' killed himself.

Job Couldn't Have Stood It If he'd had itching piles. They're terribly annoying; but Buckle's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, cuts, or bodily eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Richards.

Richello—What a perfect complexion Miss Beauty has? Bival Belle—Yes, by the way, she is with her brother to-night. Do you know him? He's a very prominent importer of drugs, chemicals, and toilet articles.

A big Quarter's Worth Is always found in a bottle of Polson's Nervine, the best household medicine known. It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, sick stomach, in fact is good for everything that a liniment ought to be good for. Mothers find it the safest thing to rub on their children for sore throat, cold on the chest, sprains and bruises. Never be without Polson's Nervine. It will cure the pains and aches of the entire family and relieve a vast amount of suffering every year.

For Sale by J. E. RICHARDS. To clear lead pipes pour a strong solution of concentrated lye down them. This will cut grease, etc. Never pour greasy fluid down a pipe—it collects on the iron and clogs. Putnam's Corn Extractor Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger with Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.

Sold by J. E. Richards. Coroner—What was the cause of Diamond Jo's death? Broncho Pete—Heart disease, Coroner—Are you sure of that? Broncho Pete—Sartin, you hart of the ace and he had it up his sleeve.

Bicyclists, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c and 50c.

Gold Beneath Dross . . . BY T. C. DEAN Author of "Cui Bono," "Love Tales of a Convent," "The Bread Winners of a City," Etc., Etc.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred, by T. C. Dean, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. "Thank you for the warning," said Hestmead. "If they come I shall be prepared for them!"

"Oh, but you would not be able to cope with the two. Promise me you will leave these hills to-night!" "That I cannot do. My work is not yet quite completed."

Her distress was evident, but she knew his adamant will of old, and that it was no use to urge him further. She came to him and laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked him in the face.

"If you should meet, and fate should favor you," she said, slowly, "promise me you will spare my father for my sake!" "I do not need to promise you that," was his answer. "You know that already!"

There was nothing more to be said, but she felt loath to leave his cabin. Remembering, however, that she could best serve him by being in her father's company, and hearing his plans, the Clarkflower bid Hestmead good-night, after arranging a code of revolver shot signals with him.

On her way back the Clarkflower stopped at Sid Teague's cabin. As she expected, her father was inside with Sid, and the two were in earnest conversation. By planting her ear to the door, she was enabled to hear snatches of their talk, and she soon discovered that the two were plotting against Pokeset, and were arranging for a raid on his cabin to take place on Thursday of the following week.

Sid was to pick a quarrel with him and accuse him of being a revenue spy. He was to be tried and shot, and his cabin burned. In the meantime she, herself, was to be closely watched, as Sid declared she was "a flirtin' with the varmint."

It did not take long for the moonshiners under Clark's superintendency to be informed of the danger that threatened them. The word was soon secretly passed from lip to lip that the "Old Cap" was nothing more nor less than an "unfarnal spy," who Clark'd closed in on, an' he was to be toted in the bushes wi' a han'ful er shot in him."

Hestmead would have known that he had been "spotted" even if the tidings had not been vouchsafed to him by the Clarkflower. The hardy mountaineers who possessed the elements of courage in no small degree, did not possess the requisites of deception. They could give blow for blow, but they could not make believe they respected where they hated. It is civilization that teaches that to a man. Consequently an immediate coolness grew up between them and Pokeset. And right here both sides discovered now, that there always had been more or less of a barrier between them, a barrier that Pokeset resented while he himself created it, and which, should he have known, he was, he had never been wholly able to break down.

This instinctive insight to the fact that things were going wrong, was not of any value here, however, to Hestmead, for Clark's daughter found means to inform him of the projected Thursday's raid. Realizing she was being watched, she met cunning with cunning, and was able safely to gain her wishes in this respect.

An incident, however, occurred before Thursday's arrival which changed Clark's plans. Ever since his daughter had thoughtlessly let fall the words which directed suspicion to Hestmead, Clark had been racking his brains to focus a belief that he had seen Pokeset somewhere before. All of a sudden one night, as he mused in bed, the light dawned upon him, and he mentally recognized Hestmead in Pokeset. The knowledge stirred him so forcibly that he at once arose, dressed himself, and went over to Sid Teague's. That Hestmead, whom he had played upon in the years gone by, and whom he had regarded as a "chump" had changed to a shrewd detective and was about to take this revenge upon him, was a thought that fired his blood like a fever, and made him have a desire to immediately wreck his vengeance upon Hestmead. Sid was interested and enchanted at Clark's recital, for he saw a possibility of at once getting rid of his rival.

"Things er mighty quare," quoth Sid. "They er mighty quare. There mought be no manners in astin' a gentlemans to take a marchin' frolic, but it'ud be mighty satisfactory. The old Cap's mighty long-headed, I don't mind sayin', but I seeed right through his capers since he up' an' tuk a notion for to play 'em. If I was you, Boss Clark, I'd the go out thar to his hide out ter-morrer an' raise a chune he couldn't jine in wi', an' I'd take the boys along to see the fun."

Clark thought "ter-morrer" was too short a time in which to mature their plans, but agreed to take the boys and pay Pokeset a visit on the day "followin' ter-morrer" which

"Oh, fly, fly; you must know my secret now, even as I now know it. I love you." A great wave of returning admiration for this woman swelled in Hestmead's heart, and increased, if possible, his love for her, but he had very little time for sentiment now; nevertheless a strange, sweet feeling came over him, as he saw how he had misjudged and wronged her true feelings. With a sudden impulse he bent low and touched his lips to hers; then, seeing how terribly she was wounded, he pointed his gun at an object in his window and fired. The bullet struck, some mechanism known only to himself, and this mechanism set off his signal, which wrecked his cabin as his report, louder than a cannon's, sent its expected message over the hills. Then as Clark and his men stood still, dumbfounded by the events that had followed each other in rapid sequence before their eyes, Hestmead lifted the prone form of the woman on to his Mustang, leaped on the animal's back himself, then cutting the tethering string with a poniard which he drew from his belt, he dug his spurless heels into the animal's sides and went dashing down a bridge path in the mountain side, which led to the valley below, before any of the moonshiners could recover from their surprise sufficiently to raise a rifle to stop the departing pony. When out of the range of the bullets Hestmead supported the bleeding and unconscious woman with his arm so that the ride on the pony would irritate her as little as possible, then bending down he covered her lips anew with fervent caresses, heedless that she was the estranged wife of a duke.

CHAPTER V. Vera Clark Reads Her Heart Aright. Tuesday morning, when Clark's daughter finally knew that her brain was clear from a strange foginess that had enveloped it, she arose from her bed in the upper best room in Clark's cabin and looked at the clock. She could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw that the day had just reached its meridian. Making a hasty toilet, it was not long before she was ready to descend, when, however, she turned the key in her door she found unlocking it on the inside would not open it. Looking through a crevice she saw that the door was nailed up on the outside, and as she stood there dumbfounded a swift suspicion darted through her, that she had been drugged and was now a prisoner. Turning to the window she found that it also was nailed fast. What did all this mean? Her womanly instinct at once answered the question. It meant that "they" decided to work harm to Hestmead earlier than the arranged for Thursday's raid and she had been "looked after," as Sid Teague would express it.

The thought that Hestmead might even at that moment be lying somewhere cold and still, a victim of her father's rage and Sid's jealous hatred, made her breath come in gasps, and a strange despair assailed her heart. Still there might be yet time to save him if she hurried. Taking the water picher in her hand she dashed it against the sash and soon had an opening in her window. Then she took the rope with which her trunk had been corded and used it as she had read of convicts using rope when successfully breaking gaol. Reaching the ground with torn hands from the friction of the rope, she found not a single person near and she knew what that forebode. Summoning her strength, she ran straight towards Hestmead's cabin. Before she had traversed half the distance the sound of voices ahead of her caused her to slacken her speed and listen. It was her father's voice, she recognized it instantly. Peering through some overgreens she caught sight of those ahead of her. They were her father, Sid Teague, and a half dozen more of the moonshiners, with Winchester. As they were hurrying forward in the direction of Hestmead's abode, she conjectured that something had delayed them and that Hestmead might yet be warned and saved. Making a circle through the bushes to pass the armed mountaineers, she called upon her remaining strength to give her fleetness and was soon in sight of Hestmead's cabin. He was outside cleaning some tin vessels and appeared perfectly unconscious to danger.

Rushing up to him, she cried out in strange alarm: "Fly now, for God's sake. They are coming to kill you!" A broncho pony which Hestmead had brought with him to the mountains, stood tethered a dozen yards from the doorway, but though the woman's alarmed aspect told him plainer than her excited words of the danger that awaited him, he made no effort to mount and ride away. He went into the cabin instead and returned with a couple of Martinis.

"Oh! fly!" she entreated, touching him with her hands and pushing him towards the horse; "fly for my sake!" He gently pushed her aside and here the mountaineers came into view. Hestmead levelled his rifle at Clark, saying, "Halt! I have the drop on you. Besides I have a signal here by which I bring plenty of help to my aid. Surrender to me at once and save bloodshed. I demand it in the Queen's name."

Clark laughed. "In the Queen's name" seemed a good joke to an American; besides the idea of anyone but Clark himself being supreme on these mountains was ludicrous. "Cover him with your powder irons, boys, and shoot; don't let him escape," was Clark's reply to the order for his surrender.

But before "the boys" could fire, Clark's daughter rushed up to Hestmead, and putting her arms around his neck, protected him with her own body. "Fire over their heads to scare her," commanded Clark. But here Sid Teague saw his opportunity to be revenged on both, and the temptation was too great for him to resist. Raising his gun up he pulled the trigger when the sight was in line with the woman's body, Sid believing a Winchester bullet would go through them both, and though all had apparently fired high the woman fell, shot through the back, her corsets preventing Hestmead from being wounded, too, as Sid Teague had expected.

Filled with horror, Hestmead dropped his rifle and bent over her. "I am killed," she said feebly.

The Ann Arbor Plague Case. Detroit, April 9.—A special to The Tribune from Ann Arbor, Mich., says: The university authorities refuse to make known the name of the student in the university hospital with the mysterious disease supposed to be bubonic plague, but it was learned last night from a medical student that the young man's name is Charles B. Hare of Pawnee City, Neb. He is a sophisticated medical student and has been taking special work in bacteriology, and has been handling culture tubes. Dr. Novy said last night that the young man was coming out of the disease all right, but refused to make a definite statement as to its nature.

The Gainsborough Portrait. London, April 9.—On his arrival in London, Mr. Agnew handed over the recovered picture to the clerks and detective who deposited it in a safe in the office. Mr. Agnew says the statements to the effect that "Pat" Sheedy had anything to do with the recovery of the picture are not true, and that he, Mr. Agnew, did not pay any money in America. The bill for the detective work in the United States will be paid through a Scotland Yard. He testifies that the picture is the original picture.

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To know the virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment and the innumerable uses to which it can be put in the family is to prize it as a friend of inestimable worth. For baby, it quickly relieves the rash and itching which torture him while he lies in bed, cures sore head, eczema, prurigo and all sores, ulcers and chafing. For children it stops the suffering from burns, scratches, cuts and wounds, and every form of skin irritation and eruption.

For women it cures the pimples, blackheads and skin eruptions which mar the beauty of the skin, gives instant and lasting relief to the itching from which they suffer, and positively cures eczema, scald rheum and piles. For men Dr. Chase's Ointment is most frequently used for piles, which are caused by exposure to cold and dampness or by bodily derangements. It is the only guaranteed cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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